98

Independent Office,
New York, Sept. 8, 1868.

My Dear Garrison,

Your letter, received yesterday, was very welcome. If I had not been very busy since returning from my vacation, I should have told you something before now about our journeyings. We left New York July 16th, taking with us our friend, Mary Clemmer Ames. Our first halt was at Springfield, where we spent one day, to visit two of Mary Ames's nieces. We then went to Straffo[illegible], Vermont, Mrs. Ames being under an engagement to be there at the burial of the body of her friend, the late Mr. Baxter, M.C., of Vermont. Leaving the Passumpsic railroad, a few miles above White River Junction, we

V36, P49

~~We~~ went by stage to Strafford, a distance of 12 miles up the valley of the Pompanoosuc, one of the loveliest valleys in all New England. Having spent the Sunday at S., our next move was to Lake Willoughby, where we spent two days with great satisfaction. Thence we went to Derby, Vt., and spent three days with Mrs. Baxter, one of the loveliest women I have ever known. Leaving Mrs. Ames here, Mary Anne and I went down to Peacham for a week. July ~~2d~~ 31st Mrs. Ames came down to Barnet, where we met her, ~~and~~ afterwards going to Mount Mansfield, where we spent two days, Mrs. Ames and myself ascending the mountain. From Mount Mansfield we went to West Randolph, and spent a few days with the

Hutchinsons, whom you know so
well. There we met Miss Allen, a niece,
with ~~and~~ a son of Mrs. Howell. We
enjoyed our visit here very much. The
Hutchinsons were very cordial and
hospitable, and as they were in thor-
ough sympathy with you and us
in regard to the anti-slavery cause,
it was very pleasant to talk with
them, though we naturally avoid-
ed the topic while in the presence
of the young visitors from Cambridge.
Mrs. Ames parted with us here,
returning to Derby, while we
went down to Bellows Falls, and
thence over the mountains to
Dorset, a town adjoining Man-
chester, where we spent a week,
by arrangement with dear friends
of ours from Brooklyn. Then we
recrossed the mountains, and
visited Mary Anne's relatives

at Putney, Vermont and Westmore-
land, N.H. We next halted for
three days at Sunderland, Mass, a
beautiful town in the Connecticut
valley, visiting dear friends from
New York at their country-seat. Our
journeying and visiting occupied over
five weeks, and we reached home
Aug. 21st. Mary Anne bore it all
much better than I feared, and
came home better than when she
left. Only one thing impaired, in
some degree, the pleasure of our
trip, and that was the haze
and smoke which obscured the
mountains. We found our friends
generally well, and enjoyed very
highly the society and the scenery.
Vermont never seemed to me more
grand or beautiful. My brother
and his wife inquired most affec-
tionately for you, and do wish that

Hutchinsons at Randolph, or, rather, Braintree. We should have had a still higher degree of enjoyment if you could only have been with us. It was not in our power, under the circumstances in which we were placed, to return by the way of Boston, as we should have been very glad to do.

A few days after reaching home, Mary Anne, feeling sure that it would not be wise for her to remain in the city, went to Vineland, N. J., to get her fill of peaches, pears, blackberries, grapes, watermelons, &c. She writes me that she is thriving on this diet and in the air of the pine pines. When she comes home in the Fall she may, perhaps, find time and opportunity to visit you. If I can get time to run away from home for a few days, I too should be delighted to go and see you.

How sad the accident that befel our dear friend Webb! I fear that to his other calamities will be added pecuniary embarrassment, in which case his American friends must do something for him. I shall gladly do my part in such a contingency. It is a pity now that he cannot pass the winter in this country, and, after recruiting his health, take another season for lecturing.

I presume you got my letter containing Mr. Greeley's suggestion to you to prepare an address for circulation among the Freedmen, warning them against the evil designs of the Democratic party. He says that such an address might be circulated all over the South by the aid of the Loyal Leagues, and that it would do a great deal of good. If you

approve of the suggestion, and will prepare such an address, I am sure there can be no difficulty in getting the requisite signatures. What do you say?

There is another matter that has occupied a large place in my thoughts for some time past. I am impressed with the conviction that Edmund Quincy ought to write the history of the Anti-Slavery Movement. He understands the subject thoroughly, and wields a graceful and philosophic pen. His memoir of his father has made a reputation for him that would aid in gaining readers for the proposed history. I have often spoken to him on the subject, not without some effect upon his mind as I think. My belief is that if you and some twenty-five other prominent Abolitionists would unite in a request to him

to write such a history, he would be persuaded to undertake the task. Will you not write a letter, urging him to do it, and after signing it yourself, let others have an opportunity to add their names? I believe I know a man who would undertake the publication, and whose management would ensure an immense sale and ample remuneration to Mr. Quincy. Do think of the matter, and if you agree with me, write the required letter at an early day.

I saw George a moment yesterday, and am very glad he has found a situation so agreeable to him.

With warm regards for Helen, Fanny, Frank, and William and wife, I remain, my dear Garrison,

Your faithful friend
Oliver Johnson